

## Labelle Patti

### "Spy Hunter"

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Spy Detail: There was a 498-DS  
A top-secret formula had been stolen from the  
research lab  
We had a job to do  
We ran all suspects name through R&I and came up  
with

(King Kirk)

Respond like James Bond to this con named Don  
milli-ons in his palms, sellin' neutron bombs  
Time 6 a.m., agent mayhem and eight men, no maybe  
ten  
came to scoop me in the Benz in the ??Graham??  
Money involved? Say when, gave me a beige Range  
and thangs  
but they claimed the Range changed to a plane,  
strange  
but perfect, showed me circuits and how to work it  
Wounds- how to nurse it, weapons- how to burst it  
searched it, like a serpent, read the blueprints  
dime be with two chinks sportin' links and new minks  
Drive a six with dark tints and one of the chinks  
named Dinks and Dinks always drinks so he thinks he's  
invinc'  
Other chinks a wimp, but Teflon's his vest holds  
if he think you gonna roll, he'll put holes in your dress  
code/  
Time to load and hit the highway, I'ma do it my way  
Spy way, do or die way, Schwarzenegger, True Lie way!  
So I pulled up on the drive way, ran thru the side way  
saw his compadres, motherfucker, yippee kay-ah  
Die hard!, nigga yelled "my God!", caught an Uzi scar,  
hit the tar, other bullet to the car, "Ah!"  
Time to pay him back, time to fade him  
Got up tried to spray him, no aim, so I grenade him/  
didn't get the Don but the bombs was a factor  
Found what I was after, set the reactors  
for two minutes, heard laughter and "lieutenant you  
finished"  
It was the Don with a Smitheth, Wessun to my chestun  
for a second I thought I was dead, no more said

then I heard shots of lead and lead sped through his  
forehead  
Brando with the ammo and Dubez with the Uz'  
Move into plane rovers, motherfucker, we spy hunters

(Big Dubez)

Big Dubez, Billy D, four-five, concealed weapon  
Runnin thru bricks that niggaz ain't yet step on  
Eludin Cop-po, in the eight, inhalin char-coal  
They tailin but I'm Indy 500 Monaco  
Pigs can't stop no, Sporty Thiev Gestapo,  
They sickened against flip whips to saw you slick and  
out the fender, yo, no retreat no surrender  
To the fullest, that's why my toys deflect bullets!  
On the cell like "Who in charge? Get me the sarge"  
Your squad car next, your fam reached my garage  
Espio-nage, yo my fate on the rocks  
I blow 'em out the box, firin missiles on roadblocks  
On the verge on smack-ups, forces callin for back-up  
chunked in the trunk, 200 ki's to crack up  
Breathe holdin's essential, spy-hunter utensils  
four governmentals with four sets of dentals  
I'm on a Cannonball Run like Burt Reynolds  
Bustin off at the choppers, backin down coppers

(Gunshots)---ooooh!!

(Marlon Brando)

We in the Phillipines, on death row, about to face  
guillotines  
my crew lace marines, stick over and make realer  
teams  
so yo, say hello to my li'l friend, wanna play?  
OK! feel ten thru your steel, man  
Yo we come together like foreign lea-ders  
Livin large in Argen-tina, camouflaged in Kor-ea,  
in the bushes where they can't see-us  
spin astro 16 silence-face screw ons  
Mission impossible, merge em to the Persians  
with 2 glocks to my head, enuff cream to flip the script  
Got niggaz watchin the Feds, twenty ultra-red  
beams comin through my window, tear-gas bleak up  
my glass,  
The smoke blew the crib-bo, the coke moves are ditto  
Layin blue in Beirut, sneak-in weed-in Swe-den  
Shook the D's in Peru, like a crooked Batman  
with no partner but still (robbing/Robin),  
trails be mind-bogglin, leave the D's followin  
my front man, I be the big man behind the front man  
Front man got knocked? Big man still be the trump man  
Mix six crews and their glues, skully low smokin ni-ckles

Runnin' up in cold blocks with ic-icles, spray the trey-  
nickle  
guaranteed to hit you, if I miss you  
bullets will probably ricochet and nip you  
and fall like the Berlin wall  
hang 'em off ??the terror spies?? lets make a ball  
crooked navy seals with flak-on, sniffin, getting they  
crack on  
I managed to mack on enough oil to put Iraq on,  
stapped the gats on  
for this spy-war, coke lab, helicopter roof, and a cy-  
borg

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